

## [Lunch Date](#) by [Luddleston](#)

**Category:** Welcome to Night Vale

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**Summary:**

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"It's my lab," Carlos said, catching Cecil in his lies partly just so he can see Cecil flounder and squirm. Cecil even forgot his perfunctory adjective in front of Carlos's name in his embarrassment.

## Lunch Date

### Author's Note:

- For [MurphyAT](#).

Carlos set down his pen and sighed. It was impossible for him to work with the looming presence of another mostly-human being silently watching him from the shadows, hovering in a sort of anticipatory stillness just outside the glass door to his laboratory. He tucked his paperwork back in its proper folder (the one labeled “unnatural events”, which he’s considering changing the label on, because unnatural events are more natural than anything else in Night Vale). He sighed once again. “Cecil, I know you’re out there.”

“Oh, Carlos!” Cecil exclaimed as though he was surprised to see Carlos there. It wasn’t the usual kind of theatrical fake surprise Cecil speaks with when he has to pretend he doesn’t know anything about why NVCR has never actually had someone finish the internship program. He’s more bubbly, but in a nervous way, sounding a little caught in the act. After all, he has been spying through the windows to Carlos’s lab... and not very inconspicuously. Cecil continued. “Fancy seeing you here... I didn’t imagine I’d see you, Carlos!”

“It’s my lab,” Carlos said, catching Cecil in his lies partly just so he can see Cecil flounder and squirm. Cecil even forgot his perfunctory adjective in front of Carlos’s name in his embarrassment.

Carlos was not disappointed. Cecil’s ears went pink, pink like the sky was yesterday at noon. “Well. Yes. So it is. I was... um... I was here for an interview. Yes. An interview, actually.” Cecil’s trademark excuse.

“With whom?” Carlos pulled the folder out again and went back to his work, mostly just staring at the page to keep from grinning at the way Cecil bites his lower lip and goes redder.

“With... you,” Cecil seemed to calm after the lengthy pause and his twitchiness abated. The blush crept to his cheekbones, though.

“If your interview is with me, then why are you so surprised to see me here?” Carlos asked, and Cecil made a squeaking noise that seemed to come from somewhere in the back of his throat. Carlos could practically see the smoke coming out of Cecil’s ears, and he was afraid it might be literal smoke because this is Night Vale, after all. Cecil’s face went from a flowery pink to crimson again. His mouth worked wordlessly, and Carlos marveled at the fact that he’s been able to silence the chatty announcer. He laughed a bit at that.

“What?” Cecil asked, affronted.

Carlos managed to quell his laughter long enough to answer. “You’re cute when you can’t think of anything to say.” That comment only made Cecil more flustered, and he leaned back against the wall across from Carlos’s desk, looking away from the scientist. “Aren’t you on your lunch break now?” Carlos asked. He decided Cecil had suffered enough and was ready to change the topic of conversation.

“Yes, I was just going out, I wanted to know if you’d like to join, actually,” he said. Carlos didn’t mention him dropping the “interview” excuse.

“Well, I was considering ordering in from the Chinese place down the street. They finally got rid of the poltergeist that was putting hair in all the food and their new delivery boy has both arms,” Carlos suggested, and Cecil looked upset for a minute, like Carlos was turning down his offer instead of making an offer of his own. “Would you be opposed to spending lunch here?”

Cecil brightened at his suggestion. “No, not at all!”

The next time Cecil walked into Carlos’s lab for lunch, he didn’t have to wander outside the door or make up excuses about interviews. And as much fun as that was, Carlos liked things better this way.